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BY AUTHORITY.

be attended to.

LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES, PASSED AT THE SECOND SESSION OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH CON-

[Public.-No. 21.]

AN ACT making appropriation for the naval service for the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the following sums be appropriated, in addition to the unexpended balances former appropriations, out of any unappropriated money in the Treasury, for the naval service, for the year eighteen hundred thirty-eight, viz:

For the pay of commissioned, warrant, and netty officers of seamen, one million three hundred and twelve thousand dollars;
For pay of superintendents, naval constructors.

and all the civil establishments at the several yards, sixty-nine thousand seven hundred and seventy dol-

For provisions, six hundred thousand deltars; For repairs of vessels in ordinary, and the repairs and wear and tear of vessels in commission, one million two hundred thousand dollars;

For medicines and surgical instruments, hospital stores, and other expenses on account of the sick, seventy-five thousand dollars; For improvement and necessary repairs of the navy yard at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, twenty

usand dollars; For improvement and necessary repairs of the navy yard at Brooklyn, New York, sixty-one thou-

sand dollars ; For improvement and nece sary repairs of the

navy yard at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, twenty-one thousand five hundred; For improvements and necessary repairs of the navy yard at Washington, thirty thousand dollars; For improvement and necessary repairs of the

navy yard at Gosport, Virginia, seventy-thousand ive bundred dollars; For improvement and necessary repairs of the navy yard at Pensacola, seventy-six thousand five

hundred dollars; mondred dollars;
For ordnance and ordnance stores, sixty-five thou-

sand dollars;
For defraying the expenses that may accrue for the following purposes, viz: for the freight and transportation of materials and stores of every description; for wharfage and dockage; storage and rent; travelling expenses of officers and transportation of seamen; house rent for pursers when attached to yards and stations where no house is provided; for faneral expenses; for commissions, clerk hire, office rent, stationary, and fuel to navy agents; for premiums and incidental expenses of recruitings; anirchending deserters; for compensation to udp advocates; for per diem allowance to persons wilding courts martial and courts of inquiry; for inting and stationary of every description, and for working the lithographic press; for books, maps, charts, mathematical and nautical instruments, chronometers, models, and drawings; for the purchase and repair of fire engine and machinery, and for the repair of steam engines; for the purchase and maintenance of oxen and horses, and for carts, tim-ber wheels, and workman's tools of every description; for postage of letters on public service; for pilotage and towing ships of war; for cabin furniture of vessels in commission; taxes and assessments on public property; for assistance rendered to vessels in distress; for incidental labor at navy yards, not applicable to any other appropriation; for coal and other fuel, and for candles and oil; for repairs of magzines or powder-houses; for preparing moulds for ships to be built, and for no other purose whatever, four hundred and fifty thousand dol-

For contingent expenses for objects not hereinbe fore enumerated, three thousand dollars;

For pay of the officers, non-commissioned cers, musicians, and privates, and subsistence of the dicers of the marine corps, one hundred and sixtytwo thousand and nineteen dollars;

For provisions for the non-commissioned officers musicians, and privates serving on shore, servants and washer-women, forty-nine thousand eight hundred and forty dollars;

For clothing, forty-three thousandsix hundred and

For fuel, fifteen thousand eight hundred and four For keeping the present barrneks in repair until

new ones can be erected, and for the rent of tempo lary barracks at New York, ten thousand dollars; For transportation of officers, non-commissioned officers, musicians, and privates, and expenses of eccuiting, six thousand dollars;

For medicines, hospital stores, sugical instruments and pay of matron, four thousand one hundred and thirty-nine dol'ars;

For contingent expenses of said corps, freight, erriage, toll, wharfage, and cartage, per diem alowance for attending courts of inquiry, compensaoon to judge advocate, house rent where there are no public quarters assigned, incidental labor in the "artermaster's department, expenses of burying eceased persons belonging to the marine corps, rinting, stationery, forage, postage on public leters, expenses in pursning deserters, candles and oil or the different stations, straw for the men, barrack urniture, bed sacks, spades, axes, shovels, picks and carpenters tools, seventeen thousand nine hundred and seventy-three dollars and ninety-three

For military stores, pay of armorers, keeping arms in repair, drums, files, flags, accourrements, and ordinance stores, two thousand dollars; For erecting and furnishing a new hospital build-

ing, and for a dwelling for an assistant surgeon; for the repairs of the present building, and for all expenses upon their dependencies near Pensacola, thirty-one thousand five hundred dollars; For creeting a sea-wall to protect the shore,

enclosing the hospital grounds, for completing the upon the depencies of the hospital near Norfolk,

nine thousand dollars; For graduating and enclosing the grounds about the naval asylum near Philadelphia, and for all other expenses upon the building and its dependencies

we thousand six hundred dollars; For extending the hospital building near Brookyn. New York, for enclosing the grounds, and for all other expenses upon its dependencies, sixty thou-

For completing the present hospital building near Boston and for all expenses upon its dependencies, three thousand five hundred dollars :

For repairing the enclosure, and for the sea-wall the magazine upon Ellis' island, in the harbor of New York, three thousand eight hundred dol-

For repairing the magazine, filling house, wharf, and railway, at Norfolk, Virginia, seven hundred

and fifty dollars; For building a wall round the magazine at Pen

ollars and thirty-seven cents ;

secola, three thousand dollars; For fixtures, furniture, and other incidental expenses at the naval asylum at Philadelphia, being a alance carried to the surplus fund on the thirtyfirst December last, twelve hundred and forty-one

Sec. And be it further enacted, that of the amount peretolore appropriated, under the act of the second of March, eighteen hundred and thirty-three, entitled "An act in addition to the act for the gradus improvement of the navy of she United States, and remaining unexpended, the sum of one million five hundred thousand dollars be carried to the surplus fund; and that the sum of one million five hundred thousand dollars is hereby appropriated, out of any unappropriated money in the Treasury, to be paid one half in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, and the other half in the year eighen hundred and forty, for the purpose of completing contracts now existing, or which may be hereafter

JAMES K. POLK, Speaker of the House of Representatives. RH. M. JOHNSON, Vice President of the United States and President of the Senate.

Approved, May 81st, 1838.
M. VAN BUREN.

SABBATH EVENING. List! there is music in the air: It is the Sabbath evening bell Chiming the vesper boar of prayer, O'er mountain top and lowland dell. And infancy and age are seen Slow winding o'er the church-yard green.

It is the eve of rest : the light Still lingers on the moss grown tower, While to the drowsy car of night, Slowly it marks the evening hour. 'Tis hushed! and all is silent there, Save the low, fervent voice of prayer.

And now, far down the quiet vale, Sweet hymings on the air float by, Hushing the whip-poor-will's said wail, With its own plaintive melody. They breathe of peace, like the sweet strains. That swept at night o'er Bethlehem plains.

COTTAGE LIFE. From all the bustle and the noise Of city life and empty joys, Secluded in my cot, I hail the pleasures as they rise, And grateful lift to Heaven my eyes. Which thus has blest my let. t early dawn, refreshed by sleep,

I bless that Being who doth keep His watchful eye on me-And as I seek my daily task, What greater blessing could I ask, Than heart so light and free? And when I close my daily toil,

How sweet to meet my children's smile-My partner's fond caress! To live with such kind hearts as these. Where each doth try the sire to please. Is perfect happiness. No pains distract- no cares molest-No envy creeps within the breast,

To damp the joys I feel; But streams of bliss profusely rise, A pleasures gild, like evening skies. The fleeting hours they steal. For India's wealth, nor honor's claim, To blazon through the earth my name,

Would I exchange my lot, The ills of life, its pains are theirs, Who live for honor and its cares-But I-I feel them not. Thus let me pass the little span Of life allotted here to man,

With all the world at peace-

Angels will waft my spirit home,

Where joys for aye increase. The Charleston Patriot says "that a person not requainted with the real character of our form of Government, would conclude that the Banks, with Mr. Biddle's institution as the central power, constituted one of the Departments of the Government.'
We think that the Editor might, with both propriety and justice, have added that it is the deter-

And when the hour of death shall come,

mination of the Whigs, if possible, to make them one .- Mont. Adv. Very Appropriate .- The Tuskaloosa "Fing of the Union proposes the following pertinent ques-tions to the State Rights Party of Alabama. We

should like to hear them satisfactorily answered. " First : If you still claim to hold the same pri ciples of State Rights doctrines that you did in 1834 -that your party has, in fact, ever held-how can you consistently support for any legislative or executive office, either State of National, any man who is in favor of the incorporation of a National Bank?

"Second: If you hold the same principles now that your party held in 1834, how can you consisently support, for the office of President of the Uni ted States, any man who is in favor of a high tariff of protective duties-of a system of internal improvement by the General Government?"

The doctrines of the two leading political parties, concerning the Banks, are thus given in a prominer ournal at the North. We think that the correctness with which the Creeds are stated will be evi dent to all-especially the Whigs who have talked so much about " preparing to resume, and not re-

Whig Creed.- KEEP THE BANKS EX-ACTLY AS THEY ARE." Democratic Creed .- MAKE CORPORA-

TIONS PAY THEIR HONEST DEBTS, AS WELL AS INDIVIDUALS .- Mont. Adv. The 5th of May, being the anniversary of Napoklon's death, a great number of garlands were, as usual, deposited at the foot of the column erected to

his memory in the Place Vendome, in Paris.

ALABAMA .- The cotton crop of Alabama 1818 was but 7000 bales. The receipts of the present season at Mobile are actually, according to the statement of the Examiner, 304 728 bales against 232,685 (the total receipts of last year) making an increase up to the present time of 72,043 bales. If the growth of North Alabama, which finds its way to New Orleans, be aded to that exported from Mobile, the amount will exceed that produced by any of the Gulf States. It will equal 370,000 bales, the aggregate value of which is not less than 15,000,000 dollars.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON. BY WASHINGTON INVING.

During my residence in the country, I used frequently to attend at the old village church. Its frequent shadowy aisles, its mouldering monuments, its dark open pannelling, all reverend with the gloom of departed years, seemed to fit it for the haunt of coleron medication. A Sunday, too, in the country, is so holy in its repose; such a pensive quiet reigns over the face of nature, that every restiess passion is charmed down, and we feel all the naturreligion of the soul gently springing up amongst

Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright, The bridge of the earth and sky.

I do not pretend to be what is called a devout man, but there are feelings that visit me in a country church, aimid the beautiful serenity of nature, which I experience no where else; and if not a more religious, I think I am a better man on Sunday, than on any other day of the whole seven.

But in this church I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world by the frivolity and pomp of the poor worms around me. The only being that seemed thoroughly to teel the humble and prostrate piety of a true Christain, was a poor, decrepted old woman, bending under the weight of years and in-firmities. She bore the traces of something beits than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride were visibe in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean Some trival respect, too, had been awarded her, to she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seeme to have survived all love, all friendship, all society and to have nothing left her but the hopes of heav en. When I saw her feebly rising and bending he made, according to the provisions of the said act form in prayer—habitually coming her prayer of the second of March, eighteen hundred and book, which her palsied hands and failing eyes would not permit her to read but which she evidently knew by heart-I felt persuaded that the faitering voice of that poor woman rose to Heaven far above the responses of the cierk, the swell of the or-gan, or the chanting of the choir.

I am fond of lottering about country churches, and this was so delightfully situated, that it frequently attracted me. It stood on a knoll, round which a small stream made a beautiful bend, and then wound its way through a long reach of meadow scenery. The church was surrounded by yew trees which seemed almost cocyal with itself. Its tall Gothic spire shot up lightly from among them, with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it. I was seated here one still sunny morning, watching two laborers who were digging a grave. They had chosen one of the most remote neglected corners of the church yard; where from the number of name less graves around, it would appear that the ind gent and friendless were huddled into the earth. I was told that the new made grave was for the only son of a poor widow. While I was meditating on the distinctions of worldly rank, which extended thus down in the very dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral. They were the obsequice if poverty with which pride had noth A coffin of the plainest materials, with out pall or covering, was borne by some of the villa-gers. The sexton walked before with an air of cold trappings of affected wo; but there was one real mourner who feely tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased-the poor old woman whom I had seen scated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by an humble triend who was endeavoring to comfort her. A few of the neighboring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running hand in hand, shouting with unthinking mirth, and new pausing to gaze with childish curiosity on the grief of the mour-

As the funeral train approached the grave, parson issued from the church porch, arrayed in the surplice with a prayer book in hand, attended by the clerk. The service, however, was a mere act o charity. The deceased had been destitute, and the survivor pennyless. It was shuffled thro', therefore in form, but coldly and unfeelingly.-The well fee priest moved but a few steps from the church door his voice could scarcely be heard at the grave; and never did I hear the funeral service, that sublime and touching ceremony, turned into such a frigid mum-

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased; 'George Somers, aged 26 yes The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were classe as if in prayer, and I could perceive by a feeble real ing of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips. that she was gazing on the last relics of her son with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

Preparations were made to deposit the coffin the earth. There was that bustling stir which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affect tion; directions were given in the cold tones of business; the striking of spades mto sand and gravel, which, at the grave of those we love, is, of all sounds the most writhing. The bustle around seemed to awaken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness. As the men approached wit cords to ower the coffin into the grave, she wrong her hands and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the arm, endeavoring to raise her from the earth, and to whis per something like consolation- Nay now-nay ouy-don't take it so sorely to heart. She could only shake her head and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when on some accidental obstruction, there was a journing of the coffin, the tenderness of the mother burst forth, as if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

I could see no more-my heart swelled in my throat-my eves filled with tears-I felt as if I was acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing dly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandere to another part of the church yard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed. When I saw the mother slowly and poinfully

mitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains fall that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich, they have friends to soothe-pleasures to beguile-a work to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young? Their growing minds soon lose above the wound-their elastic spirits soo ise above the pressure—their green and duetile affections soon twine around new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward applian ces to soothe—the sorrows of the aged, with whon life at best is but a wintry day, and who can look for no after growth of joy-the sorrows of a widow aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only so the last solace of her years; these are indeed sor rows which make us feel the impotency of consola

It was sometime before I left the church yard On my way homeward I met with the woman who had acted as comforter; she was just returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed.

The parents of the deceased had resided in the neighborhood from childhood. - They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and by various rura occupations, and the assistance of a small garden had supported themselves creditably and comforts bly, and led a happy and blameless life. They had nly one son, who had grown up to be the staff and said the good was man, 'he was a comely lad, so sweet tempered, so kind to every one around him, so dutiful to his parents! It did one's heart good to see him on a Son-

day, dressed out in his best, so tall, so straight, so cherry, supporting his old mother to church-for she was a ways funder of leaning on George's arm than on her own good man's, and, poor soul, she might well be proud of him, for a finer lad there was not

a the country round."

Unfortunately the son was tempted, during a year scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into ie service of one of the small craft, that plied on a neighboring river. He had not been long in this mploy when he was entrapped by a press goog and carried off to sen. His parents received belongs of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father who was already infirm, grew heartless and mulancholy, and sunk into his grave. The widow left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish. Still ere was a kind of feeling toward her throughout the village, and a certain respect as being one of the oldest inhabitants. As no one applied for the cottage, in which she had passed so many happy days. she was permitted to remain in it, where she lived softary and almost helpless. The few wants of nature were chiefly supplied from the scunty productions of her little garden, which the neighbors now and then cultivate for her.

It was but a few days before the time at which hese circumstances were told me, that she was gahering some vegetables for a repost, when card the cottage door, which faced the garden suddenly open. A stranger came out, and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in a scanan's clothes, was emanciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sick ness and tardships. He saw her and hastened to wards her, but his steps were faint and faltering, h sank on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eve-'Oh my dear, dear mothe don't you know your son? your poor boy George! It was indeed the wreck of her once noble lad; who shottered by wounds, by sickness, and foreign imesonment, had, at length, dragged his wasted abs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his dilldhood.

I will not attempt to detail the particulars of suci meeting, where joy and sorrow were so complete blended; still he was alive! he was come home be might yet live to comfort and cherish her old age Nature, bowever, was exhausted in him; and any thing had been wanting to finish the work o fate, the desolation of his native cottage would hav been sufficient. He stretched himself on the pallet on which his widowed mother had passed many cepless night, and never rose from it again,

The villagers, when they heard that George Sc ners had returned, crowded to see him, offering ev ery comfort and assistance that their humble means aforded. He was too weak, however, to talk-be could only look his thunks. His mother was his constant attendant; and he seemed onwilling to be

helped by any other hand. There is something in sickness, that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness of despondency, who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a fereign land, ha indifference. There were no mock mourners in the not thought of the mother 'that looked on his childhood, that smoothed his pillow and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an endearing tenderness in the love of a mother to a son, that trunscends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfibness, nor daunted by danger nor weakened by worthlessness, ner stiffed by gratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to hi convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his firme, and exult in his prosperity; and if misfortune overtake him. he will be the deyrer to her from his misfortunes : and if disgrace settle open his name, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the

Poor George Somers had known what it was t be in sickness and none to soothe; lonely and in prison and none to visit him. He could not endor her from his sight; if she moved away his eye woul follow her. She would set for hours by his bed watching him as he slept. Sometimes he won start from a feverish dream, and look anxiously in until he saw her bending over him; when he would take her hand lay it on his bosom, and fall asleed

with the tranquility of a child. In this way he died My first impulse on hearing this humble tale i iffliction, was to visit the cottage of the mourner ble, comfort. I found, however an inquiry, that the good feeling of the villagers had prompted them to do every thing that the case admitted ; and as the poer know best how to console each other's sorrows.

did not venture to intrude. The next Sunday morning I was at the village church; when, to my surprise, I saw the poor of woman tottering down the aisle to her accustome.

seat on the steps of the altar.

She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son, and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pions affection and otter poverty; a black rithon or so, a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that griethat passes show. When Hooked round upon the storied monuments, the stately hatchments, the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to th poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow at the alter of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a prous, though a broken heart. I telt that this living monument of real grief was worth them

I related the story to some of the wealthy men ers of the congregation, and they were moved by They exerted themselves to render her situati more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. I was, however but smoothing a few steps to th grave. In the course of a Sunday or two after, sh was missed from her usual seat at church, and b fore I had left the neighborhood I heard, with a feel ing of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and had gone to rejoin those she loved, in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.

Smithsonian Legacy .- A letter from a friend in London informs us that the Hon. Richard Rush has obtained an absolute decree for the Smithso nian Bequest, and that the money has been paid to him. It amounts to upwards of a hundred thousand pounds sterling. Mr. Rush was to have embarked on his return in the course of the month, bringing with him the money thus bequeathed for the purpose of education in the United States. It was supposed that the matter would have been the cause of a tedious Chancery suit, but it appears from the intelligence that it has been terminated with very little delay .- Penn.

Cost of a watch .- During the war of 1796, a sailor went into a watchmaker's in the city, and handing out a small French watch to the ingenious artist, demanded how much the repair would come to. The watchmaker looking at it said it would cost him more in repairs than the original purchase. "Oh, if that's all I don't mind that," replied the sailor, "I will even give double the original cost, for I have a veneration for the watch." ',What might you have given for it?" inquired the watchmaker. "Why" said Jack, twitching his trovsers, "I gave a French fellow; knock on the head for stand if you'll repair it I'll

MANAGEMENT-A YANKEE STORY.

I've hearn folks say that the wimmin was conrury; well they is a leetle so, but if you manage 'em rate, hawl in here, and let 'em out there, you on drive 'em along without whip or spur, jest which way you want 'em to go.

When I lived down at Elton, there was a good many first rate gals down there, but I did'nt take a liken' to any on 'em, till squire Cummins cum down there to live. The squire had an almity puty darter. I sed sum of the gals was first rate and a leetle more. There was many dressed finer | she ; that's your sort ses I. as I gin her a buss and looked grander, but there was somethin jam about Nance, that they could'nt hold a candle to. If a feller seen her wunce, he could'nt look at another gal for a week. I tuk a likm to berrite off, gain. and we got as thick as theeves. We had used to go to the same meetin and sot in the same pew. It took me to find the sarms and hims for her, and we'd swell 'em out in a manner shockin to hardened sinners; then we'd mosey hum together, while the gals and fellers kept a looking on as the they'd like to mix in. I'd always stay to supper, and the way she coold make injun caks, and the way I wood slick 'em over with molasses and put 'em away, was nuthic to nobody. She was dreadful civil tew always gittin sumthin nice for me, I was up to the hub in love, and was goin m for her like a locomotive. Well, things went on this way a spell, till she that she had me tite enuff. Then she began to show off kinder independent like. When I'd go to meetin, there was to coom for me in the pew ;--when she'd cum out she'd streak off with another chap, and leave me suckin my fingers at the door. Instead of sticken to me as she used to do, she got cuttin around with all the fellers, jest as if she cared nothin about me no more, none whatsumever. 1 got considerably riled and thought I mout as well um to the end of it at wunce : so down I went to have it out with her; there was a hull grist of fellers there. They seemed mity quiet till I went

in, then she got talking in all manner of nonsense, and said nothin to me and darned little of that. 1 tried to keep my danger down, but twarn't no use. kept moovin about as if I had a pin in my trowsers. I swet as if I had been thrashin. My collar hung down as if it had been hung over my stock to dry. I coodn't stand it, so cleared out as quick as I cood, for I seed 'twas no use trying to say nuthin to her. I went strate to bed and that the matter over a spell-thinks I that gal is jest train of me, taint no use of her playin possum ; I'll take the kink out of her ; if I don't fotch her out that high grass use me for sassage

I hearn tell of a boy, wunce, that got to skewl ate one Sunday morning, master ses, you tarned sleeping critter, what kept you so late? why, ses the boy, it's so everlastin slippy out, I could't get along any how; every step I took forward, I bounded admiration; but if religion make no part went tew steps backward, and I cooldn't have of the character, the key-stone to the arch is wantgot here at all, if I hadn't turned back to go tuther way. Now, that's jest my case ; I have been puttin after that gal considerable time. Now, thinks I, I'll go tuther way-she's been slitin of me, now I'll slite her-what's sass for the goose kind Providence to sever the cords which bind the is sass for the gander. Well, I went no more to too closely to earth; to turn our thoughts inwards Nanc's. "Next Sabbaday, I slicked myself up, upon ourselves and upwards to heaven. While our and I do say, when I got my fixing on, I took the shirt clean off of any specimen of human nature about our parts. About meetin time off I put to Eltham Dodge's-Patience Dodge was as nice a gal as you'd see 'twixt here and yonder, any more than she wasn't jest like Nancy Cummins. Ephraim Massey had used to go and see her; he was a clever feller, but he was dredful jolus. Well I went to meetin with Patience, and sot rite afore Nance , I did'at set my eyes on her till arter meetin; she had a feller with her who had a blazen red head, and legs like a pair of compasses ; she had a face as long as a grace afore thanksabout, an 'twarm the chap with the red hed noth er. Well, I kept boein Patience about a spell.

Kept my eye on Nance, seed how the cat was jumpin, she didn't cut about like she did, and looked rather solemnly, she'd g'in her tew eyes to kiss and make up. I kept it up until I like to have got into a mess about Patience. The critter that I was goin arter her for good, and got as proud as a lame turkey. One day Ephe cum down to our place lookin as rathy as a malishy ossifer on a trainin day; look here, ses he, Seth Stokes, as loud as a small thunder clap, I'll be darned---. Hallo! ses I, what's broke ?-Why, see he, I cum down to have satisfaction about Patience Dodge, here I've been courtein her ever since last grass a year, an she was just as good as mine, till you come a goin arter her, and now I can't touch her with a torty foot pole. She aint like the same gal, and I'm darnd if I'm goin to stand it. Why, ses I, what on airth are you talkin about. I aint got nothin to do with your gal, but spose I had, there's nothin for you to get wolfery about. If the gal has taken a liken to me, taint my fault, if I've to her taint her fault, an if we've taken a likin to one another taint your fault, but I aint so almity taken with her, an you may have her for me, so you hadn't ought to get savage about nothin. Well, ses he, (rather cool ed down.) I am the unluckiest thing in creation. I went tuther day to a place where there was an old woman died of the bots or some such disease and they were sellin out her things. Well ses he. ther was a thunderen big chist of drawers full of all sorts of truck, so I but it that I made a spec but when I cum to look at 'em, ther warnt nothin in it worth a cent except an old silver thimble and that was all bustled up so I sold it for less than I gin for it, well when the chap that bot it tuck it hum, he heerd somethin rattle, broke the old chist up and found lots of gold and silver in a false bottom I hadn't seen. Now if I'd tuck that chist hum I'd never found that munny, or if I did they'd bin all counterfeit, and I'd bin tuck up for passin on 'em. Well, Fjest told Patience about it when she rite up and called me a darnd fool. Well, ses I, Ephe, that is hard, but never you mind that go on you can get her an when you dew get her. you can fight the ruff edges of jest as you please. That teekled him it did an away he went a leettle better pleased. Now thinks I its time to look was all alone. I axed her if the square was in, she said he wornt. Cause ses I, (makin be lieve I wanted him,) our colt sprained his foot an I am cum to see if the squire wont lend his mare to go to town. She sed she gessed he would. better fit down till the squire com'd in, down sot; she looked sort a strange an my hart falt queer all around the edges. Arter a while ses I. air you goin down to Betsy Martin's quilten? Sed she didn't know for sartin, air you a goin? sed I

reccord I wood, see she I spose youd take Pa-

tience Dodge, sed I mout and again I mout not.

ses she I hearn your a goin to get married ses I

shoodat wonder a bit. Patience is a nice gal see I. I looked at her I seed the tears a cumin, and I may be she'll ax you to be bridesmaid, the ris rite up she did, her face as red as a bilde beck. Seth Stokes, see she, an she coudn't say any more she was no full, went you be bridesmaid, ses I, no! ses she, an she bustrite out, well then see I, if you wont be bridesmaid, will you be the bride I she looked up at me I swan to man I usver seed any thing so awful puty. I tuk rite hold of her hand, ves or no, ses L, rite off .- Yes, ses and a hug. I soon fixed matters with the squire. We soon hitch'd traces to trot in double harness for life, and never had cause to repent of my bur-

The Trac

RELIGION IN WOMEN.-How offen have young men propounded to themselves and others the question, what is the first quality to be sought for in the choice of a wile, and how diverse have been the answers to this important interrogatory. The gay and thoughtless will point you to beauty, wealth, accomplishment; others, who look beyond the tinsel of the exterior, regard amiability and feeling as the brightest jewels in the female character; others still who have searched deeper into the springs of human action and know well the fountains whence flow the purest and most enduring happiness, will give the only true answer to the inquiry, viz: a strong Christian thith, sentiments, and practice.

Religion is every where lovely, but in woman pccultarly so. It makes her but little lower than the angels. It purifies her heart, elevates her feelings and sentiments, hallows her affections, sheds light on her understanding and imparts dignity and paence end here-

"It beams in the glance of the eye, It sits on the lips in a smile, It checks the ungracious reply,

It enraptures, but cannot beguile." Woman from her very nature, is destined to drink deeper from the cup of sorrow and suffering, than the other sex. Her trials are chiefly of the heart, and consequently the hardest to be borne. She in aeldem, perhaps, called upon to contend with those formidable evils and temptations which rouge all the energies of our nature to repel their attack : but is beset (from the time she enters into womanhood) by a thousand petty trials and annoyances, which, while they seem too insignificant to requirmuch effort to resist, are, at the same time, most difficult to overcome. Religion alone can disarm these triels, and enable her to preserve that equanimity and peace of mind so essential to happiness. It is her talisman. To it she flies in the hour of disappointment, and from it never fails to derive con-solation and support. Yet how tew, in their selec-tion of a partner for life, regard this most impor-tant qualification. How few think to penetrate into the secret chambers of the soul, to see what is there hidden within so fair an exterior-if there the vental ismp sheds its clear and constant ray. External attraction may lead us captive for a time, feeling may send a thrill of exquisite joy through the heart of the recipient; talent may call forth uning, and the fabric will ere long crumble and fall.

It should be remembered that life is not all sun-

shine. Bright as the world may be before us, we cannot live long without encountering many sorrows, disappointment and troubles. They are sent by bark glides calmiv on a summer's sea, with the blue sky above and bright waters around us, the blandishments of youth, beauty, accomplishments, may satisfy the heart; but let us be overtaken by the storm and the tempest, and where is the support they yie'd? Let darkness enter your dwelling, and pleasure you derive from them is forgotten, and you look in vain to the same source for relief. Let death invade your social circle, and lay his ruthless hand on your first born, shrouding all scound you in darkness and gloom, and where do you look for a ray of hope ! It is under circumstances like these that religion transforms a wife into a ministering angel. She will bind up your bleeding heart, lead you to the fountain of living waters, and change gloom and despondency into light and cheerfulness. As the sun in setting, lights up every hill-top, and tree, and cottage, so religion gilds with its heavenly

beams every feeling, enjoyment and occupation. Most persons, on entering the married state, (particularly in youth) fancy it a condition of unmingled loy and pleasure - that they are within a charmed circle, the bounds of which no sorrow or trouble can pass. They forget the new and immense reshifties that are incurred, and the trials which must necesar rily accompany them. Not these should deter any one from taking this most important step. for it is the high road to improvement and happiness. What are the boasted pleasures of intellect compared with those of affection? The latter are as truly heaven-born and immortal as the former; they are the earliest developed in our nature; and the last touched by the finger of decay. Woman! thy empire is the heart, and he who would know the capacity of the human coul for happiness, must yield imself to thy away.

Longevity in Rhode Island .- That the times of the Revolution produced a more robust and hardy race than the present seems natural to infer by the following table of venerable widows of revolutionary soldiers deceased, now residing in the small state of Rhode Island, and receiving pensions from the U. States. We find it in the Providence Courier:

Abiguit Salisbury, aged 100, widow of George a sergent of guard, married March 1761. Molly Browers, aged 97, widow of Asa, a private; married Oct. 1771. Susannah Smith aged 94, widow of Stukely, private, married, March, 1776. -Serah Dyer, aged 93 widow of Anthony, a private, married Dec. 1763. Suannah Mann, aged 89, widow of George, a sergent, married August, 1776. Jemima Tucker, aged 89, widow of Nathan, a scaman on board the frigate Alfred, Paul Jones, Captain, married several years before the war. Sunnah Arnold, aged 80, widow of Oliver, a Lieut. married July, 1763. Martha Cooks, aged 90. widow of Silvanus, a private, Married June, 1768. Sarah Potter, aged 88, of Ichabod, a private, married Nov. 1771. Molly Earthforth, 88, widow of John, a sergent, married

Filling Facancies .- A farmer having settled in a country village, on a little farm, gained the esteem of the whole neighborhood. The first year was hardly expired when he lost a very fine ow, which was by much the best of all his cattle, and he was extremely mortified at it, but this was nothing to the grief which he felt a short time afterwards, when death also took away his wife. His neighbors thought they were obliged to comfort him. "Honest farmer, said one of them, do not afflict yourself: the wife you have lest was a good one, it is true, but there is as good to be had: I have three daughters, for my part: take your choice of them." "Lord have mercy upon us!" replied the farmer "it is better to lose one's wife than one's cow. My wife is hardly three hours dead, and here are half-a-dozen people at ready offering to supply her place for mewhen my cow died, not a soul spoke of giving me [Norfolk Advertiser. another.